

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne,

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Gyl. The King sir,

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement metuailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifie
his to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would per-
haps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lotd, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswer, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your patdon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
nother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauour hath strooke her into a
amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is
there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? inpart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
urther trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros,

Prince of

Ros. Good my Lord, what is
ly barre the doore vpon your ow
to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduanceme

Ros. How can that be when
seife for your succession in Den

Enter the Players with R

Ham. I sir, but while the gra
mesty, oh the Recorders, let me
do you goe about to recouer the
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord if my duty b

Ham. I do not well vnderstan

Gyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it

Ham. It is as esie as lying; g
gers, and the vंबर giue it br
course most eloquent musique,

Gyl. But these cannot I com
I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now
me, you would play vpon me,
you would plucke out the hart
from my lowest note to my con
cellét voice in this little organ,
do you thinke I am easier to be
strument you wil, though you f
God blesse you sir.

Enter

Pol. My Lord the Queene

Ham. Do you see youder clo

Pol. By'th masse and tislike a

Ham. Me thinks it is like a

Pol. It is black like a Weze

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.